



## ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL SCIENCE: NO. 3

Today, ranging again into the fascinating world of social science, let us take up the subject of anthropology—the study of man and his origins.

The origin of man was indeed a puzzle until the Frenchman, Jean-Louis Sigafos, discovered the skull and shinbone of *Pithecanthropus Erectus* in Java in 1801. What Sigafos was doing in Java is, incidentally, quite an odd little story. Sigafos was a Parisian born and bred. By day one could always find him at a sidewalk cafe, sipping barley water and ogling the girls; each night he went to a fashionable casino where he gambled heavily at roulette and go-fish; in between times he worked on his stamp collection, which was one of the largest in Paris.

Well sir, one summer Sigafos lost his entire fortune gambling at the casino. He was seriously contemplating suicide when quite unexpectedly, a letter arrived from one Lotus Petal McGinnis, a Javanese girl and an avid stamp collector, with whom Sigafos had been corresponding from time to time through the international stamp collectors journal. Until now the nature of their correspondence, though friendly, had been strictly philatelic, but in this new letter Lotus Petal declared that although she had never laid eyes on Sigafos, she loved him and wanted to marry him. She said she was eighteen years old, beautiful and docile, and her father, the richest man in the tribe, had agreed to give half his fortune to the husband of her choice. Sigafos, penniless and desperate, immediately booked passage for Java.

The first sight of his prospective bride failed to delight Sigafos. She was, as she said, beautiful—but only by local standards. Sigafos had serious doubts that her pointed scarlet teeth and the chicken bones hanging from her ears

would be considered chic along the Champs Elysees.

But scaring as was the sight of Lotus Petal, Sigafos had an even greater disappointment coming—when he met her father. The old gentleman, was, as Lotus Petal claimed, the richest man in the tribe, but, unfortunately, the medium of exchange in his tribe was prune pits.

Sigafos took one look at the mound of prune pits which was his dowry, gnashed his teeth, and stomped off into the jungle, swearing vilely and kicking at whatever lay in his path. Stomping thus, swearing thus, kicking thus, Sigafos kicked over a heap of old bones which—what do you know!—turned out to be *Pithecanthropus Erectus*!

But I digress. From the brutish *Pithecanthropus*, man evolved slowly upward in intellect. By the Middle Paleolithic period man had invented the leash, which was a remarkable technical achievement, but frankly not particularly useful until the Mesolithic period when man invented the dog.

In the Neolithic period came the most important discovery in the history of man—the discovery of agriculture. Why is this



so important? Because, good friends, without agriculture there would be no tobacco, and without tobacco there would be no Marlboro, and without Marlboro you would be without the finest filter cigarette that money can buy, and I would be without a job.

That's why.

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Without tobacco you would also be without Marlboro's sister cigarette, Philip Morris, a non-filter smoke that can't be beat. Philip Morris or Marlboro—pick your pleasure.



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